

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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THE BRANDEIS NOMINATION.

TO-MORROW the Senate Judiciary Committee votes on the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis for Justice of the Supreme Court.

The country as a whole has had little chance or inclination to take part in the controversy which has raged about this nomination ever since it was announced. But from the discussion the public has at least formed a fairly clear notion as to who is most opposed to Mr. Brandeis and why.

Mr. Brandeis's enemies are very powerful enemies. Their power, however, is of a sort that has not usually been exerted for any purpose beyond the careful preservation of itself. Mr. Brandeis is not liked by Wall Street. Mr. Brandeis is not in favor of vested interests fond of hearing themselves called "conservative."

But it comes to that, what man has ever been in favor of these interests who failed to conduct himself toward them as if they were the only part of the country that permanently mattered?

The opposition to Mr. Brandeis has impressed the public—impressed it as being deplorably prejudiced, selfish, un-American. The feeling of the better part of the nation is expressed by President Eliot of Harvard, who wrote to the Senate Committee:

"Under present circumstances I believe that the rejection by the Senate of his (Mr. Brandeis's) nomination to the Supreme Court would be a grave misfortune for the whole legal profession, the court, all American business and the country."

Unless the Senate misreads or deliberately ignores wider public sentiment it will permit no such stigma to fall upon its record.

RUSSIANS EVERYWHERE.

THE Russians are furnishing most of the surprises of the war just now. Not since the landing of Russian troops at Marseilles has the war theatre shown anything so unexpected as the "bold and adventurous ride" which brought a Russian cavalry force from the north in touch with the British army in Mesopotamia.

That such a move could be accomplished even on a minor scale would seem to indicate that the Russian Grand Duke is nearer than ever to the realization of his purpose: To cut the Bagdad railway, form with the English an invincible line from the Black Sea to the Tigris and so nullify once and for all Turkish strength in near Asia.

When this is done—while the French and English keep the Germans fully occupied on the western war front, what is to prevent Russian armies from surging, wave after wave, across Germany's eastern frontiers? The cost of even attempting to invade Germany from the west may be prohibitive. But her eastern borders are less elaborately protected. And the Russians now have millions of men, vast quantities of ammunition and supplies and the reserve strength of a huge nation apparently able to suffocate others by merely stretching its mighty limbs over them.

No one knows, of course. But it begins to look as though, if any conquering army ever does march through the Brandenburg Gate into Unter den Linden, the Russian eagle might be the first to lord it over the Prussian bird.

OUR CLUBWOMEN GUESTS.

THE city is honored this week by the presence of some 20,000 women delegates and visitors who come to attend the Thirtieth Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Not only are most of the States represented by substantial groups, but England, Canada, Cuba and other foreign countries have sent delegates. The main purpose of all is the same: To exchange ideas on club organization, to absorb suggestions for making club work of still greater benefit to the community, to go home and turn it all to practical account.

There will be conferences on Child Welfare Problems, Domestic Service, Tenement House Conditions, Industrial Facts—illustrated with exhibits practical enough to include even models of fire escapes proper for factories and workshops. Agricultural and forestry exhibits have been sent by the National and State Governments with a special view to showing how the conservation of natural resources helps human life and happiness.

To the interest of women in these things is largely due the fact that the world-to-day is a more comfortable place than it has ever been for the average wage-earning man or woman to live in. That the interest is deepening and widening, a gathering like this is convincing proof.

The city should do all it can by sympathy and cordiality to help make the convention a memorable one.

Hits From Sharp Wits

If a married man thinks he is right, he had better keep silent, if he wishes to avoid an argument.—Macon News.

And not only does it take all kinds of people to make a world, but it takes all kinds to make a big town.—Toledo Blade.

"There are men," says the Houston Post, "who can lose \$500 in a poker game and laugh about it." Why not? Their creditors can do the weeping.—Charleston News and Courier.

If this rumor did not make work so hard, Truth might come oftener into her own.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Have discovered that a man will regard you more kindly if you let him think his is the right opinion.

It is easy to do things. All you have to do is to pick up a shovel and everybody will rush up to show you how to dig.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Letters From the People

Fern Culture.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wonder if there isn't among your readers some one who can tell me just what the little shrubs, commonly called "suckers," are that hinder the growth of ferns. Is it a foreign growth or just young fern leaves, and should they be removed? A couple of my ferns have died and I am wondering if this is the cause.

E. E. B.

The Weekly Novels.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wonder if all your readers appreciate as much as I do the treat your weekly novels are to some of us? I am a fiction lover and used to long to read many novels I couldn't afford to

buy. But now for six cents a week many of them are mine. I hope you continue them forever.

L. B.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly state through your "Letters From the People" if there is a law in all the States similar to the Sullivan Gun Law of New York?

INTERESTED.

The House.

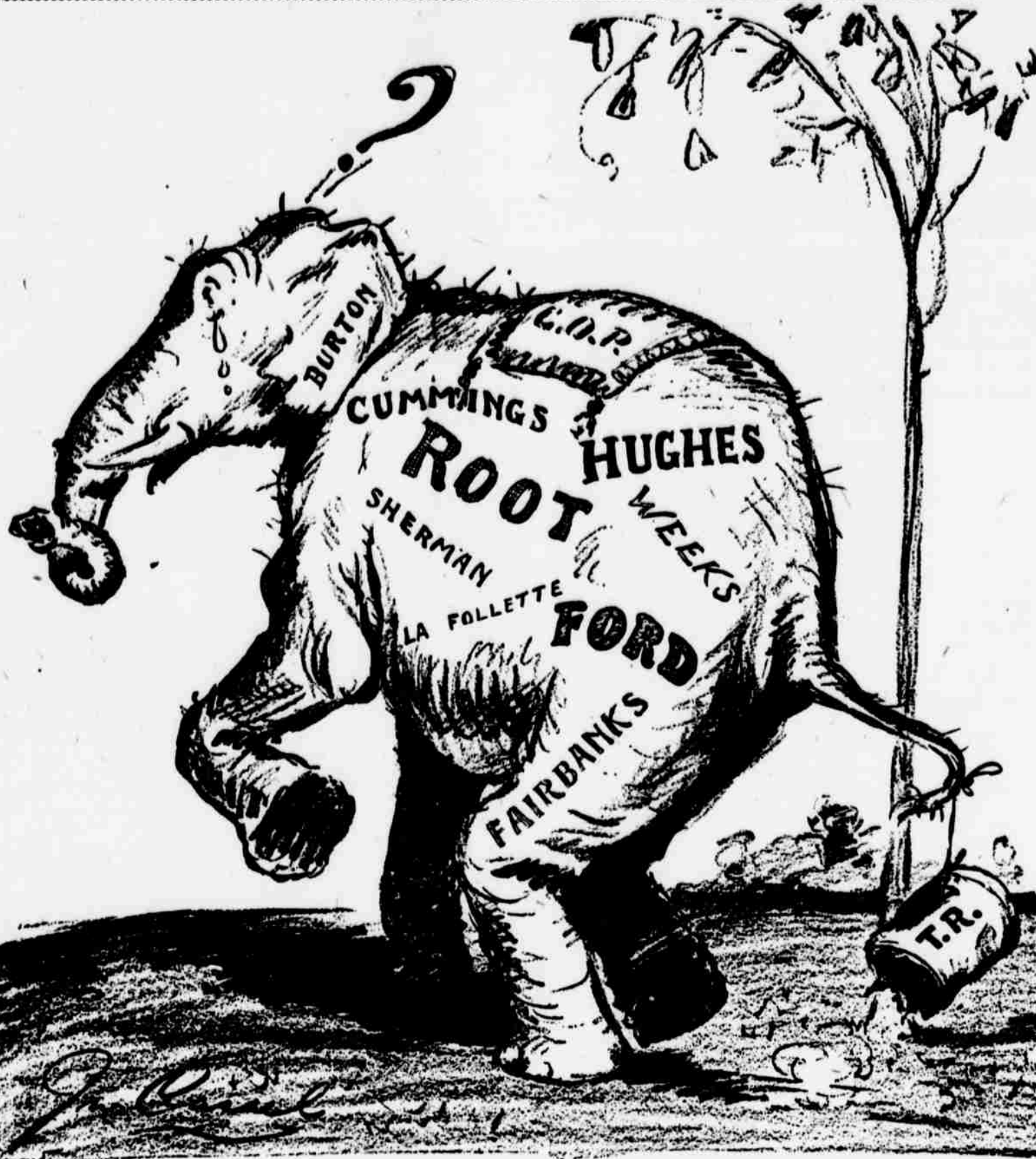
Has New York a "State flower" and if so what is it? And do all States have State flowers? I know that the flower of Rhode Island is the violet. From which I recently moved, is the violet.

Mrs. J. L. DORRANCE.

Ready for Chicago

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By J. H. Cassel



The Sunless Lives

—By Sophie Irene Loeb—

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THREE women, a mother and two daughters, are now in the Kings County Hospital, held there for observation. For two long years these three lived in a house from which they had shut out every ray of sunshine and which they had not left in all that time.

The house was a three-story brownstone, and they lived on the second floor. With people all around them, there was none that came to their aid and to urge them out of their deplorable state until they were found by investigators of a society.

Their confinement was evidently voluntary. Food was brought to them by a relative who was not allowed admission. When discovered, the mother inconspicuously wore a sunbonnet in the sunless confine.

The case represents a dire tragedy and the comedy all around.

It is alleged that the mother is demented. Doubtless the daughters are in a similar condition. The chief aim of the trio seemed to be to shut out all sunlight from penetrating their abode on account of their grief for the father and husband.

I could not help reflecting that, while this is an extenuating case and entirely abnormal, yet how many so-called normal people shut out the sunlight in their lives over the loss of some one or something.

I know a foolish mother whose parlor blinds are always drawn. There are wreaths in glass cases about the room and black crepe over her dead husband's picture.

She has two lovely children. They never smile, because their mother is always so sad. Their youthful mirth is squelched since they are constantly reminded of mourning for their father.

The woman has plenty of money for food and clothing, which she purchases as they are needed, but she refuses out the things she can obtain free—sunshine and gladness and joy.

These things are forbidden in her seeming sorrow. If she does not change her attitude these children will find their pleasures elsewhere and be weaned away from her, since it was not intended that they should mourn forever.

I know a woman who lost her sweetheart when but in her teens. She would not realize that the world held many men, and that another might well be her mate.

She refused all attention until she lost youth and beauty; and even charm went because she persisted in living alone. She is terribly lonely.

I know a rich couple. They are very, very rich. They live in a beautiful house on Fifth Avenue. There is sunshine in every room, yet they have shut it out of their lives.

They have never had any children of their own, and yet they have never

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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"WILLIE told me a fib to-day and I want you to punish him," said Mrs. Jarr when her husband arrived home the other evening.

"Great Scott!" replied Mr. Jarr. "I've been telling fibs downtown all day in the usual course of business."

"That's always the way with you!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You never will give me the least bit of assistance in disciplining the children. They are getting beyond me, and you tacitly encourage them in their naughtiness. And yet when they are noisy and disobedient you blame me for it because I have no control over them. Furthermore, you may regard Willie's telling a falsehood as excusable because you are compelled to make mis-statements in business; but, as I said, one is the home and the other is the world!"

"That's sophistry," replied Mr. Jarr. "A lie is a lie, and if it can be excused in one place it can be in another. As a matter of fact, it can't be excused at all. As for the home being free from falsehood, you and I both have to tell fibs, even at home."

"Me tell fibs!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr, aghast. "Oh, Mr. Jarr, can you stand there in cold blood and say that I am untruthful?" And here the tears came to Mrs. Jarr's eyes.

"Now don't cry, dear!" said Mr. Jarr. "Didn't you tell Willie you had no change when he asked you for some pennies this morning?"

"Well, he buys that cheap chewing gum with his pennies, and goodness only knows what it's made of," replied Mrs. Jarr. "If he knew I had any pennies he would have tormented the life out of me, but when I told him I hadn't that satisfied him."

"But it wasn't true, just the same," said Mr. Jarr. "And when the installment man calls and you haven't the money or want it for something else, don't you send the girl or the children to the door to say you are downtown?"

"I very seldom send word to the installment man that I am not in," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I have so many things to pay with little money I get, and I can't pay them all together when the demands come that way at times. I do the best I can, and you should be the last person to find fault. If you are not satisfied, and if you think you can manage the house better—"

"Oh, tut, tut!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "Can't a person discuss a matter with you without your taking it so seriously? I was just showing you how we see other's faults and not our own. You know the children hear you at the telephone making regrets for not keeping social engagements on the plea that you are ill or the children are ill, when, in reality, both you and the children are in the best of health."

"Oh, keep quiet!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr, turning from grief to exasperation. "I can't hurt people's feelings, can I? I'm sorry that you think I'm such a terrible story-teller and bad character altogether! It's a pity such a perfect man should have married a woman so unworthy of his manifold virtues! I do not tell one-tenth the fibs you do; and I don't stand grinning and preaching about it, either! Don't you say one word to me about veracity! I can't believe

On the 4.45

By Alma Woodward

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NO. 2—Machiavellian.

From a letter of the 4.45.

"A woman, breathing, taken with various-sided pains, fallen in at the last moment, close down in a chair and starts to fan herself with the cover of a book."

MRS. A (from next chair)—My dear, where did you come from? I didn't know you came to town to-day. You look all excited. And why are you carrying all those bundles? Couldn't you have them sent?

Mrs. B (unpleasantly surprised)—No, not these. This is the first time you've been into town since you've taken the cottage, isn't it?

Mrs. A (going into ecstasies)—Yes, two whole weeks and it doesn't seem more than two days. I try not to miss a minute. I can never thank you sufficiently for letting me know that your friend who owns the cottage had to go to the Adirondacks for her health. To think of getting a cottage in a paradise like this, I'm never going to let it go! Aren't you crazy about it yourself?

Mrs. B (absent-mindedly)—Wild about it, my dear—simply daff over it. Wouldn't go to any place else for worlds. Been here six years, you know.

Mrs. A (confidentially)—Oh, I knew you'd never have advised me to come here unless you loved it yourself. I have utmost faith in your judgment.

Mrs. B (changing the subject)—We are having people out over Sunday, so I just ran to the city to get some fresh vegetables.

Mrs. A (blankly)—Fresh vegetables? Why, isn't that strange, doing a thing like that? When I took the cottage your friend told me that I could get the choicest table luxuries at the shops there.

Mrs. B (hastily)—Of course—and so you can. There isn't a thing you can't get right in the town—but as

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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FLEE, oh, ye bachelors, while the feeling is yet good! For it is easy to be wise in January; but who shall say WHAT folly he may commit in the marrying month of June. Verily, as thou lovest thine own latch-key, thy club and thy cellarette, I charge thee:

When a damsel's smiles are sweeter than honey, and her moods are milder than May wine—

When she pateth thy coat-lapel, and calleth thee "Nice boy!"—

When she saith, "Let us always be FRIENDS! For unto me, one good friend exceedeth an hundred devoted admirers!"—

When she urgeth thee to wear thy raincoat, and is anxious concerning draughts, that thou catchest not cold therefrom—

When she exclaimeth sweetly:

"How MENTALLY congenial are we! For I, too, am fond of steak and mushrooms, and prefer my tea without sugar!"—

When she admireth thy cravat and raveth over thy watch-fob; when she praiseth thy taste in clothes—

When she asketh thine opinion concerning her new hat, and thine "advice" concerning the fit of her new golf coat—

When she remarketh:

"How 'spiritually affiliated' are we! For I, TOO, loathe cabarets, and prefer 'the-dinner-without-the-din'!"—

When she seeketh to mix thy salad-dressing with her own hands, and insisteth upon seasoning thy spaghetti for thee—

When she saith:

"Behold, I have put on the frock which THOU admirest; and the hat which thou approvest I wear always!"—

When she chideeth thee concerning thine extravagance, and seeketh to show thee "a WOMAN'S little way of economizing!"—

When she urgeth thee to light a cigar, saying:

"DO smoke! For it is so chummy! And I LOVE the smell of tobacco!"—

When she persuadeth thee sweetly to tell her "ALL about thyself!"—

When she walketh beside thee in the moonlight, and exclaimeth:

"Alas, alack! What a lonely thing must life be without Perfect Companionship!"—

I charge thee, then, my Son, be not puffed up with thine own conceit, nor stand upon the order of thy going.

For thou art marked for the slaughter; and thine hour is at hand! Yea, verily, verily, the Altar is prepared, and the bridesmaids are waiting.

And thou mayest as well go forth and buy thy wedding-coat.

For thou hast no more chance of ESCAPE than a fly that hovereth about a jar of new honey.

Selah.

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.—COLERIDGE.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XVI.

AUGUST 3.—Mrs. Thornydyke Denford called on me this afternoon. She said that Ned and I must dine at her house very soon. I ought to feel enormously flattered and excited. But I don't feel afraid.

Mrs. Denford is that darling of the Sunday newspapers, a society woman. She has a house just a few doors off the Avenue, on the east side, of course. We live on the west side; I have never lived any place else. She has another house at Lenox, a villa at Newport, a hunting lodge in the Adirondacks. She has quantities of money, no children and a tendency to neurasthenia. That last possession is the reason of her knowing Ned. "I thought I was a shadow moving among shadows," she continued, rapidly. "Everything was gray—sunlight, grass, my opera cloak of ruby velvet—everything. Oh, it was horrible! And nothing seemed to help me. My family physician could do nothing to cure my obsession. I think I should have gone mad. Then a friend told me of Dr. Houghton. I went to him. I quite threw myself on his mercy. After my first interview with him, I felt better. He is so young and strong and magnetic! In the end he saved me, saved my reason. Having a peculiarly delicate and sensitive organism, I suffer now and then from severe attacks of nerve-fatigue. But Dr. Houghton can always quiet and restore me."

"Of course, I think that he does wonderful work," I assented with a smile.

"You know, I wondered just what sort of woman he would marry," she said with frankness that I admired. "He is amazing—and I confess—impertinent. I've had a chance to study him, you see, when on imperturbability. He has been at our house so much. And a promising young man's career depends ever so largely on his wife."

"He may be inspired or discouraged by the sort of home she makes for him," I agreed.

"Oh—er—a home, of course," Mrs. Denford dismissed it with a smile and a slight wave of her beautifully gloved hand. "But a young physician's success depends on other things, you know. The profession is dreadfully crowded. I am told. A wide acquaintance and social connections are almost essential. It's easy for a pre-arranged, unattached young man to be invited out. But if he's married he must return hospitality, and his wife either helps or hinders him."

"I am sure, dear Mrs. Houghton, that you will be nothing but a help to herself, but I am sure you're willing to do just yet. I want you, the doctor to dine with me one night next week. I am keeping my town house open this summer, and I shall have several people who are going to make any sacrifice for Dr. Houghton's ultimate good."

"I am, Ned, dearest. I will even let myself be patronized by Mrs. Denford and her friends. At least, she appreciates you, and I ought to be glad to hear you praised by any one, man or woman. I AM glad. And I am the woman you married, even though you know girls whom you met at her house. I wonder if they all look like marvelous white orchids, as she does?"

"Of course, since she was your patient, it would have been a violation of professional confidence for you to have discussed her with me. I know that you attended several wealthy women. I suppose they all assume that subtly proprietorial air when they are talking of some one for whose services they pay."

"I'm not keen about 'society.' I think we could be perfectly happy without it. But if I ought to know those people on your account, Ned, I won't hide at home like a coward. Only—perhaps Mrs. Denford will forget to send that dinner invitation. I wish she would forget!"

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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AN Indiana man has invented a rubber rolling pin. He is married.

A woman of the Resoiti tribe in East Africa isn't considered beautiful unless she can flap her ears.

To enable servants to cavendish in comfort is the purpose of a newly invented windshield for keyholes.

About 6 3/4 out of 927 natives of Kamchatka find string very useful in wrapping up packages.

Never fall in love with a voice over the telephone. The odor of an onion doesn't get transmitted over a telephone wire.

Although tight collars are uncomfortable, caterpillars can't get down inside 'em.

In order to facilitate the transportation of pie a knife has been invented with a wheel base of fourteen inches.

a thing you say—never!"

"I do have to tell things that are not true in business," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I am always truthful to you and in my home, and you know it. I have never told you an untruth in my life, and I never will."

"Oh, Mr. Jarr, how can you say that? You must be drinking!" or the astonished Mrs. Jarr.

"Drinking?" echoed Mr. Jarr, fustively chewing a clove. "I haven't touched a drop for days—not a drop on my word."

And Mrs. Jarr believed him.